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From the Philadelphia News.
Undeveloped Genius—A Passage in the Life of
P. Pilgrick Pigwigen, Esq.

P. Pilgrick Pigwigen is an undeveloped
genius—a wasted man—his talents are like money
in a short box, returning no interest. He is
in truth a species of Byron in the egg; but un-
able to chip the shell, his genius remains un-
hatched. The chicken moves and faintly chirps
within, but no one sees it, no one hears it.
Peter feels the high aspirations, and the mys-
terious imaginings of poetry circling about the
interior of his cranium; but there they stay.
When he attempts to give them utterance, he
finds that nature forgot to bore out the passage,
which carries thought to the tongue and to the
finger ends; and as art has not yet found out
the method of tunnelling, or driving a drift into
the brain, to remedy such defects, and act as a
general jail delivery to the prisoners of the mind,
his divine conceptions continue pent in their
obscure cell. In vain does Pigwigen sigh for a
splitting headache—one that shall open the
sutures, and set his fancies free. In vain does
he shave his forehead and turn down his shirt-
collar, in hope of finding the poetic venturi-
er, and leaving it clear of impediment; in vain
does he drink vast quantities of gin to raise the
steam so high that it may burst imagination's
boiler, and suffer a few drops of it to escape;
in vain does he sit up late nights, using all the
secrets he can lay his hands on, to smoke out
the secret. 'Tis useless all. No sooner
has he spread the paper, and seized the pen to
give bodily shape to airy dreams, than a dull
dead blank succeeds. As if a flourish of the
quill were the crowning of a volcano, the dainty
Ariels of his imagination vanish. The feather
drops from his checked fingers, the paper
remains unstained, and P. Pilgrick Pigwigen
is still an undeveloped genius.

Originally a grocer's boy, Peter early felt he
had a soul above soap and candles, and he so
diligently nourished it with his master's sugar,
figs and brandy, that early one morning he was
unconsciously dismissed with something more
substantial than a then in his ear. His
soul's quest life was passed in various callings,
but call as loudly as they would, our hero paid
little attention to their voice. He had an eagle's
longings, and, with an inclination to stare the
sun out of countenance, it was not to be ex-
pected that he would stoop to be a banyard
fool. Working when he couldn't help it, at
times pursuing cheek speculations at the theatre
doors, by way of turning an honest penny, and
now and then gazing entrance by crooked
nostrils, to feed his faculties with a view of the
performances, he likewise pursued his studies
through all the ballads in the market, until qual-
ified to read the pages of Moore and Byron.
Glowing with ambition, he sometimes pined to
see the poet's corner of our weekly cotempo-
raries graced with his effusions. But though
murder may out, his undeveloped genius would
not. Execution tell so far short of conception
that his lyrics were invariably rejected.

Deep, but unsatisfactory, were the reflections
which thence arose in the breast of Pigwigen.
"How is it," said he; "how is it, I can't level
down my expressions to the comprehension of the
vulgar, or level up the vulgar to a compre-
hension of my expressions? How is it I can't
get the spigot out, so my verses will run clear?
I know what I mean myself, but nobody else
does, and the impudent editors say its wasting
room to print what nobody understands. I've
plenty of genius—lots of it, for I often want to
cut my throat, and would have done it long ago
only it hurts. I'm checkfull of genius and run-
ning over; for I hate all sorts of work myself,
and all sorts of people mean enough to do it.
I hate going to bed, and I hate getting up. My
conduct is very eccentric and singular. I
have the miserable melancholies all the time,
and I'm pretty nearly always as cross as thun-
der, which is a sure sign. Genius is as tender
as a skinned cat, and flies into a passion, when-
ever you touch it. When I condescend to un-
bustling myself, for a little sympathy, to folks
of ordinary intellect—and comparisoned to me,
I know very few people that aren't ordinary as to
brains—and pour forth the feelings indignities
to a poetic soul, which is always billing; they
laudate my situation, and say they don't know
what the deuce I'm driving at. Isn't genius
always served of this fashion in the earth, as
Hamlet, the boy after his own heart, says?
And when the slights of the world, and of the
printers, set me in a fine frenzy, and my soul
swells and swells, till it almost tears my dickey;
when it expanses and elevates me above the
common herd, they laugh again, and tell me
not to be pompous. The poor plebeians and
worse than Russian scurfs!—It is the fate of
genius—it is hizz'n, or rather I should say,
her'n—to go through life with little sympathy
and less cash. Life's a field of black-

berry raspberry bushes. Mean people squat
down and pick the fruit, no matter how they
black their fingers; while genius, proud and
penepedicular, strides fiercely on, and gets noth-
ing but scratches and holes tore in his trousers.
These things are the fate of genius, and when
you see 'em, there is genius too, although the
editors won't publish its articles. These things
are its premonitory, its jonissaries, its cohorts
and its consors.

"But yet, though it flames in my interiors, I
can't get it out. If I catch a subject, while I
am looking at it, I can't find words to put it in,
and when I let go, to hunt for words, the sub-
ject is off like a shot. Sometimes I have plen-
ty of words, but then there is either no ideas
or else there is such a waterworks and catac-
t of them, that when I catch one, the others
knock it out of my fingers. My genius is good
but my mind is not sufficiently manured by
ears."

Pigwigen, waiting it may be till sufficient-
ly "manured" to note his thoughts, was seen
one fine morning not long since, at the corner
of the street, with a melancholy, abstracted air,
the general character of his appearance. His
garments were of a rusty black, much the worse
for wear. His coat was buttoned up to the
throat, probably for a reason more cogent than
that of showing the moulding of his chest, and a
black handkerchief enveloped his neck. Not a
particle of white was to be seen about him—
not that we mean to infer that his "scurf" would
not have answered to its name, if the mustor roll
of his attire had been called, for we scorn to
speak of a citizen's domestic relations, and, un-
til the contrary is proved, we hold it but chari-
ty to believe that every man has as many shirts
as backs. Peter's cheeks were pale and hol-
low; his eyes sunken, and neither soap nor ra-
zor had kissed his lips for a week. His hands
were in his pockets—they had the accommo-
dation all to themselves—nothing else was there.
"Is your name Peter P. Pigwigen?" in-
quired a man, with a stick, which he grasped
in the middle.

"My name is P. Pilgrick Pigwigen, if
you please, my good friend," replied our hero,
with a flush of indignation at being mis-called.
"You'll do," was the nonchalant response;
& "the man with a stick," drew forth a paral-
lelogram of paper, curiously inscribed with char-
acters, partly written and partly printed, of
which we do, "The Connonwealth greet-
ings," were strikingly visible—"you'll do," Mr.
Pilgrick Pigwigen Peter. That's a capias
respondendum, the English of which is you're
retched because you can't pay; only they put
it in Greek, so's not to hurt a gentleman's feel-
ings, and make him feel flat afore the company.
I can't say much for the manners of the courts
but the way the law's polite and a squire's office
is genteel, when the thing is under a hundred
dollars, is cautionary."

There was but little to be said. Peter yield-
ed at once. His landlady, with little respect
for the incipient Byron had turned him out that
morning, and had likewise sent "the man with
a stick" to arrest the course of undeveloped
genius. Peter walked before, and he of the
"taking way," strolled leisurely behind.

"It's the fate of genius, squir." The money
is owed. But how can I help it? I can't live
without eating and sleeping. If I wasn't to do
those functionaries, it would be suicide, severe
beyond circumflexion."
"Well, you know, you must either pay or go
to jail."
"Now, squire, as a friend—I can't pay, and
I don't admire jail—as a friend, now."
"Got any bail?—No!—what's your trade—
what name is it?"
"Pusey," was the laconic, but dignified re-
ply.

"Pusey?—Yes, I remember Pusey. You're
in the shoe-cleaning line, somewhere in Fourth
street. Pusey, boots and shoes cleaned here.
Getting whiter ar'n't you? I thought Pusey
was a little darker in the countenance."

"P-d-e-s-y!" roared Peter, spelling the
word at the top of his voice; "I'm a poet."
"Well, Posey, I suppose you don't write for
nothing. Why didn't you pay your landlady
out of what you received for your books, Poy?"

"My genius ain't developed. I haven't writ-
ten anything yet. Only wait till my mind is
manured, so I can catch the idea, and I'll pay
off all old scores."

"You're do, Poy. I don't understand it at
all. You must go and find a little undeveloped
bail, or I must send you to prison. The offi-
cer will go with you. But say; there's Mr.
Grubson in the corner—perhaps he will bail
you."

Grubson looked unpromising. He had fallen
asleep, and the flies hommed about his sulky
copper-coloured visage, laughing at his uncon-
scious drowsy efforts to drive them away. He
was aroused by Pilgrick, who insinuatingly
preferred the request.

"I'll see you hanged first," replied Mr.
Grubson; "I goes bail for nobody. I'm un-
developed myself on that subject, not but that
I've the greatest respect for you in the world,
but the most of people's cheats."

"You see, Poy the development won't an-
swer. You must try out of doors. The offi-
cer will go with you."

"Squire as a friend, excuse me," said Pilgar-
lick. "But the truth of the matter is this.—
I'm delicate about being seen in the street with
a constable. I'm principled against it. The
reputation which I'm going to get, might be in-
jured by it. Wouldn't it be pretty much the
same thing, if Mr. Grubson was to go with the
officer and get me a little bail?"

"I'm delicate myself," growled Grubson;—
"I'm principled agin that too. Every man walk
about on his own responsibility; every man bail
his own boat. You might just as well ask me
to swallow your physic, or take your thrash-
ings."

Alas! Pilgarlick knew that his boat was past
bailing. Few are the friends of genius in any
of its stages—very few are they when it is un-
developed. He, therefore, consented to so-
journ in "Arch, west of Broad," until the white
washing process could be performed, on con-
dition he were taken there by the "alley way,"
for he still looks ahead to the day, when a hot
pressed volume shall be published by the lead-
ing booksellers, entitled Poems, by P. Pilgar-
lick Pigwiggins, Esq.

A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.—
The following extract from the "Frenchman's
story of the Revolution and its horrors," will
serve to illustrate the descriptive powers of one
of the editors of the American Monthly Maga-
zine. The scene is the Place de Greve, where
the guillotine was erected in permanence, with
a wagon load of human beings about to be mas-
sacred:

"Among those the most remarkable was a
venerable old man, whose bent figure, thin
white hair, high, wrinkled forehead, and with-
ered complexion bespoke the extremity of age,
yet his manner was firm, and he never forgot
for a moment the calm propriety of his demean-
or. By his side stood a woman, now no longer
young; but retaining much of the beauty, and
all the dignified elegance of former days. She
stood erect, and supported without effort the
arm of the old man, who leaned heavily on
hers. The other rested on the neck of a fairly
young girl—a mere child—not apparently more
than ten years old, whose tear-swollen eyes were
fixed on her mother's face, with sad and touch-
ing melancholy of childish grief. They spoke
not much together; once, as the wagon stopped
near where I stood, I heard the old man mur-
mur words of patience and encouragement to
his companion: as he spoke, she turned her
eyes towards the child—she gazed on that
young, fair face, and all a mother's love beamed
in her eye—the trial was almost too great for
her—her lip quivered—her face grew more
deadly pale—but in a moment, by strange effort,
she banished from her look every appearance of
weakness. She raised her eyes to heaven—
her lips moved—and then, as if her prayer for
fortitude had been instantly answered, she turned
a bright and smiling look on the little inno-
cent; smoothed back the curling hair that clus-
tered around that lovely forehead, and the
mother imprinted one long fond kiss on the brow
of her child.

The wagon passed on, and I inquired the
name of the victim whose appearance had so
strongly interested me. It was Malesherbes—the
honest and able Minister—the undaunted
advocate—the kind and true friend of Louis
Capet—accompanied by his daughter, the Mar-
chioness Roccambo, and her child—about to die
on the scaffold! But the child? surely they
would not murder the child! And why not?
The old man's crime was his innocence and pu-
rity of character—how then could the child es-
cape. The wagon was drawn up beside the
guillotine, and all was soon ready for the first
execution. Malesherbes stood nearest the
steps; and was about to descend when a savage
voice cried out, "The child first!" The old
man would have remonstrated, but his child
checked him—"Tis but a moment, my father,"
said she, "tis but a moment,"—she raised the
child in her arms, and herself handed it to the
executioner. The little creature, frightened by
the savage looks of the man, cried out, "Don't
leave me, mother—come with me—don't leave
me." "I will not leave you, child—I will
be with you in a moment." The child was
baptized, and the mother turned towards her
aged parent, and buried her face in his neck, he
too, bent forward, till his white hair flowed over
her shoulders. Thus they saw nothing—yet
they were so near that they must have heard
the jerk of the string that loosed the ponderous
axe—and its clatter as it fell. A strong shud-
der shook the frame of the mother; but when
the executioner called out "now for the woman,"
she raised her placid face from her father's
neck—looked fondly in his face—kissed his
cheek—"For a brief moment, farewell, my fa-
ther." She stepped with a light, firm tread
from the wagon—mounted the scaffold, and in
a moment she was with her child.

Malesherbes came next; he had summoned
all his energies for the last scene in his life's
drama and he played it nobly. Never in the
proudest days of his power had the minister
looked or moved with a loftier dignity. With
a wave of the hand he repulsed the rude ad-
vance of one of the guard who would have as-
sisted his descent from the wagon. Self-sus-
tained, in body as in mind, he advanced slowly
to the scaffold—even the fiends allowed the old

man to place himself, almost unassisted on the
platform. They would have bound him, but he
gave a forbidding look—it was enough—the
executioner retired—the plank was pushed for-
ward—and for a moment the old man must
have seen, in the basket below, the heads of his
children. The additional pang, if it was one,
was short—the executioner jerked the string,
and all was over.

Singular Instances of Sudden Death.
The following instances of sudden death, one
from a puncture of the spine, and the other from
the accidental penetration of the eye by a sharp
instrument, is related in the Metropolitan by that
notable personage John Ketch, who has been en-
lightening the world by a history of his Life,
Opinions, and Adventures:
A drunken coal heaver fell from a wagon go-

ing up Ludgate Hill. He was covered with
mud, and appearing to be hurt, I and two oth-
ers laid him upon a shutter, and took him to St.
Bartholomew's Hospital. He was stripped, and
the surgeon examined him, but no injury could
be discovered; still he said he could not rise
up in the bed. Mr. Abernethy happened to
come in shortly afterwards, when the case was
shown to him, but he could make nothing of it.
'Let him,' said the great surgeon, 'be washed
thoroughly clean and send for the barber, and
have that beard taken off, which appears to be
of a month's growth. About an hour after this,
as I was relating to the surgeons the manner in
which he fell from the wagon, a message was
brought that the man had instantaneously, while
he was undergoing the operation of shaving, given
up the ghost. We all immediately repaired
to the spot, where laid the man half shaved,
but quite dead. The barber said he appeared
to be well, and was talking to him one instant,
and the next was a dead man. I had hold of
him,' said he, 'by the nose, and I did but turn
his head very gently to use the razor, when he
without breathing or a sigh, went off.' Aber-
nethy turned to the young students, and told
them this was a case for study, saying, 'There
was a cause for the man's death: that the fol-
lowing morning he would open the body, and
find it out. 'But,' added he, 'think of the case,
and before I make the examination, tell me in
the morning, each of you, your opinion, what it
is that has so suddenly deprived him of his life.'

One of the students said, 'I think a vertebral
bone is fractured, and that as the barber turned
his head to shave him, a splinter penetrated the
spinal cord.' 'You have it,' cried Abernethy,
turn him up, and we shall see.' They immedi-
ately cut down the back, and discovered a
small piece of fractured bone, not bigger than
the half a pin, which had penetrated the spine;
then taking the corpse by the nose, they ob-
served as they turned the head one way, the
splinter came out, and as they turned it the
contrary, it entered the vital chord. The prob-
lem of his death was now at once solved, and I
learn how little it took to stop the great ma-
chine of life in man.

There is also another mode of losing life in a
very simple way, which I became acquainted
with in consequence of an accident. A man
was found in a field quite dead, with a hay-fork
or a prong by the side of him; he was opened,
but no probable cause for his sudden death could
be discovered. At length, one of the surgeons
sent for the fork, in consequence of a witness
saying that it was only a few minutes before his
death that he saw the deceased leaning upon it,
with the points upwards, as he was standing in
the field. On the point of one prong of the
fork was discovered something like a small
speck, but no wound could be found upon the
corpse. The surgeon now pushed back the
corner of the eye next the nose, and then de-
clared that he had discovered the manner of the
man's death; namely, that while leaning on the
fork he had slipped, and the point of it had en-
tered the corner of the eye under the nose, and
produced instant death. 'For' added he, 'we
all know that in this manner we may be killed
with a pin or needle, without having any ex-
ternal wound so as to indicate the cause.' He
(the surgeon) then explained to the persons pre-
sent, that this peculiarly vulnerable part could
not be reached, excepting only by the means
above described; that is, putting the instrument
used sideways into the corner of the eye, and
then immediately direct it in a straight-forward
manner, so as to penetrate in a direction towards
the brain, under the upward part of the nasal
bone. 'Such an operation,' said he, 'performed
with the smallest needle, produces instantane-
ous death.'

On the Red River I have seen
the rich Louisianan clucking over his cotton
and sugar plantations, where the sunbeam could
be seen reflected from the glistening pates of
his hundred negroes making first trespass with
the hoe. I have set with him at his table in his
log cabin, sipping sherry and champagne. He
talks of "hogs-heads and price of stocks," or
"goes in for cotton." In the western parts of
Arkansas and Missouri, I have shared the gen-
uine cottage hospitality of the abrupt, yet polite
and honorable Kentuckian; the easy, affable
and social Tennesseean; this has "a smart chance
of corn" the other, perhaps, "a power of cot-
ton," and then occasionally, (from the Old
Dominion,) "I reckon I shall have a mighty
heap of tobacco this season," &c.

Boys in this country are "peart," fever and
ague renders one "powerful weak," and some-
times it is almost impossible to get "shet" of it.
Intelligence, hospitality, and good cheer reign
under all of these humble roofs, and the travel-
ler who knows how to appreciate those things,
with a good cup of coffee, corn bread and fresh
butter, can enjoy moments of bliss in con-
verse with the humble pioneer. On the Upper
Mississippi and Missouri, for the distance of sev-
en or eight hundred miles above St. Louis, is
one of the most beautiful champagne countries
in the world, continually attenuating into timber
and fields of the softest green, calculated from
its latitude for the people of the northern and
eastern states, and "Jonathan" is already here;
—and almost every body else from "down east"
—with fences of white, drawn and drawing,
like chalk lines over the green prairie. "By
gosh, this ere is the biggest clearin' I ever see."
"I expect we hadn't ought to raise nothing but
wheat and rye here."—"I guess you've come
arter land ha'n't you?"

Internal Improvement in Maine.
We learn from the Age that the following
surveys and reconnoissances were ordered at
the session of last week.

1. A Survey of the River St. Croix and the
adjacent waters. The object of this survey is
to develop the resources of that interesting por-
tion of the State, and the capabilities for inter-
nal navigation &c. of those extensive waters.
The survey will be commenced in a few weeks
by an experienced Engineer, under the direc-
tion of Hon. TIMOTHY PILLSBURY, a member
of the Board, who has been indefatigable in
pressing upon the Board not only the import-
ance of the survey to the interests of the State,
but of its speedy accomplishment.

2. A Reconnoissance of the country between
the mouth of Sebasticook River and the Moose-
head waters, with a view of ascertaining the
practicability of connecting those waters by a
Canal of sufficient size for boats of the large-
est class. This work will be commenced as
soon as an Engineer can be engaged for the
purpose.

3. A Reconnoissance, and estimate of the
expense, of a Rail Road from Bangor to Port-
land, crossing the Kennebec River at or near
the head of tide waters. An Engineer of ex-
perience and character is expected to perform
this service in the course of the present season,
and it is hoped ere long a continuous line of
Rail Road may be in operation from the ex-
treme East to the Western line of the State.

A hypocrite with his mouth destroyeth his neighbor;
but through knowledge shall the just be delivered.

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rights are not sufficiently guarded and protected when they come in conflict with chartered rights—that corporations and rights vested under them are exercising too controlling an influence?—and is there not some foundation for this dis-

Wool is evidently in advance of last year's prices, though far short of what it ought to be to repay the farmer for the extra cost of the last winter's keeping."

course, should be of no trifling nature. We believe that all nominations made by a Convention regularly called and fairly conducted, should be considered as obligatory upon all the

common land divided to said Bean by Thaddeus Bartlett, and mortgaged to the town of Bethel, and the same which Joshua Haines now lives on.

HEZEKIAH HUTCHINS, Jr. Dep. Shff.

large and the north-east part of lot No. one in said
 (large,) containing fifty acres more or less, the same be-
 ing under Mortgage to James Starr, the same having
 been attached on the original writ in this suit.

THOMAS WINSLOW, Deft. Shff.
 Jay, July 6th, 1836. 2w43

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